

The Tragedie

*Qu.* Say then who doest thou meane shall be her King?

*King.* Euen he that makes her Queene, who should elie?

*Qu.* What thou?

*King.* I, euen I, what thinke you of it Madam?

*Qu.* How canst thou wee her?

*King.* That I would learne of you,  
As one that were best acquainted with her humor.

*Qu.* And wilt thou learne of me?

*King.* Madam with all my heart.

*Qu.* Send to her by the man that slew her brothers  
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,  
*Edward* and *Yorke*, then happily she will weepe,  
Therefore present to her, as sometimes *Margret*  
Did to thy Father, a handkercheffe steeped in *Rutlands* blood,  
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,  
If this inducement force her not to loue,

Send her a story of thy noble acts:

Tell her thou mad'st away her vnckle *Clarence*,

Her Vncle *Rivers*, yea, and for her sake

Made'st quicke conueiance with her good Aunt *Anne*.

*King.* Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way  
To winne your daughter.

*Qu.* There is no other way,  
Vnlesse thou couldst put on some other shape,  
And not be *Richard* that hath done all this.

*King.* Inferre faire *Englands* peace by his alliance.

*Qu.* Which she shall purchase with still lasting warre.

*King.* Say that the King which may command intreats.

*Qu.* That at her hands which the Kings king forbid.

*King.* Say she shall be a high and mighty Queene.

*Qu.* To waile the title as her mother doth.

*King.* Say I will loue her euerlastingly.

*Qu.* but how long shall that title euer last?

*King.* Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end,

*Qu.* But how long fairely shall that title last?

*King.* So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.

*Qu.* So long as hell and *Richard* likes of it.

*King.* Say I her soueraigne am her subiect loue.

*Qu.* But she your subiect loth such soueraingtie.

*King.*

Of *Richard the Third*.

*King.* Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.

*Qu.* An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

*King.* Then in plaine tearmes tell her my louing tale.

*Qu.* Plaine and not Honest is to harsh a stile,

*King.* Madam your reasons are too shallow and to quicke.

*Qu.* O no my reasons are too deepe and dead:

Too deepe and dead poore infants in there graue,

Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake,

*King.* Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne

*Qu.* Prophain'd, dishonor'd, and the third vsurped,

*King.* I swere by nothing,

*Qu.* By nothing for this is no oath,

The George prophain'd, hath lost his holy honour:

The Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Knightly vertue:

The Crowne vsurpt disgrac't his Kingly dignity,

If nothing thou wilt swere to be beleeu'd,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd,

*King.* Now, by the world:

*Qu.* Tis full of thy soule wrongs:

*King.* My Fathers death:

*Qu.* Thy selfe hath that dishonor'd.

*King.* Then by my selfe.

*Qu.* Thy selfe, thy selfe misus'd:

*King.* Why then by God:

*Qu.* Gods wrong is most of all:

If thou hadst fear'd, to breake an oath by him,

The vnity the King thy brother made,

Had not beene broken, nor my brother slaine.

If thou hadst fear'd to breake an oath by him,

The Imperiall mettall circling now thy brow,

Had grac't the tender temples of my child,

And both the Princess had beene breathing here,

Which now two tender play-fellowe for dust,

Thy broken faith hath made a prey for wormes.

*King.* By the time to come.

*Qu.* That thou hast wrong'd in time orepast,

For I my selfe haue many teares to wash

Hereafter time for time, by the past wrong'd,

The children liue, whose parents thou hast slaughtered,

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